



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

speak Latin grammatically, to reason, think, overthrow arguments, to sophisticate adroitly, and discomfit his adversary by eloquence, and to ornament his conversation by rhetoric. He moreover imparted to him the knowledge of the science of numbers, the four major and the four minor tones of music, and rendered him so learned that when he had reached the age of sixteen, with a robe of fine cloth and a purse at his side, he prized the pen a hundred times more than the purse, and became a troubadour.

From that time, joining to his name that of the estate of the viscount, Bernard lived gaily through the latter half of the twelfth century, honoured by the great, cherished by the towns-people, esteemed by the ladies, and popular from the Loire to the Pyrenees by the charming songs which he composed wherever he went. As in this iron age (and it is worthy of remark) wit and talent excelled, Bernard of Ventadour was celebrated during forty years; his triumphs and his gaiety only ended with the century.

An event as singular as that which began his career marked the close of it.

Forty years later, Bernard, his hair blanched with age, was looking at some tapestry, upon which Alice, Duchess of Normandy, had traced, with great truthfulness and extraordinary

vivacity of colour, the hawking of Rocamadour. On beholding this scene of his native country he breathed these lines :—

“ Quan la douss' aura venta
Devès nostrè païs,
Mès veiaire qu'ieu senta
Odoz de paradis. . . . ”

“ Whene'er the breeze goes murmuring by,
The breeze that in my country sighs,
I vow it wafteth unto me
The rich perfume of Paradise.”

At this moment an equerrey entered the apartment, bringing two letters.

One was for the Duchess Alice, and announced to her that Richard Cœur-de-Lion, to whom she had long been betrothed, was about to marry a Princess of Castile.

The other, sealed with black, informed Bernard of the death of his faithful friend, the valiant Count of Toulouse.

Both were struck with a terrible blow, and took the same resolution; Alice covered that forehead, despoiled of the crown, with the veil of Fontervault; and Bernard, bidding a final adieu to the world, knocked at the door of the Abbey of Dalon, the port and refuge of all the vanity and wretchedness of the age.

BAHIA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BRAZIL.

THE ancient capital of Brazil, officially called San Salvador da Bahia de Todos os Santos, but more generally known by the simple name of Bahia, possesses a magnificent harbour, of which some idea may be formed from the accompanying engraving (p. 325). This harbour, which gives much commercial importance to the town, has long been the admiration of mariners, and the skilful French hydrographer, whose book is now an authority in part of South America, does not hesitate to place it among the first of the numerous ports of which he gives so clear and exact a description. “All Saints' Bay,” says he, “taking it in its full extent, forms a very deep gulf in the continent; this gulf, which is known by the name of *Reconcaro*, is nearly thirty miles in circuit, and receives the waters of several rivers, some of which are considerable.

“The largest fleets would be safe in Bahia, for in many situations vessels would find good anchorage secure from all gales, whilst the fertility of the surrounding country would insure them all necessary supplies.

“On the eastern side of the principal entrance, where the ground rises in an amphitheatre from the shore, is situated the town of San Salvador, which possesses some fine buildings; it stands on uneven ground intersected by gardens, and is divided into the high and low towns. Next to Rio Janeiro, the town of Bahia is the most important in Brazil, and has a population of 100,000. Several forts, built on the summit as well as at the base of the declivity, command the coast and protect the town; the dockyard is defended by the fort Do Mar, a circular fortification built upon a bank of sand two hundred toises from the shore.”

Not only is Bahia an opulent and singularly picturesque town, it is also a city of old traditions, strange memories, and even poetic legends. Brazil had only been discovered three years, when, according to several trustworthy authors, whose chronology, however, is questionable, the entrance of the bay was explored for the first time by Christovam Jaques, who there erected one of those sculptured stone pillars which were then called *Padrões*, and which marked the progress of the navigators along the uncultivated shores. Seven or eight years later, about 1510 or 1511, the numerous tribes of the Tupinamba Indians, who wandered on the fertile coasts of Itaparica or Tapagipe, had had time to forget the passing of the European ship, when a vessel trading in dye-woods was stranded upon the shore of the pleasant district which now bears the name of Victoria. It is said that the shipwrecked mariners all perished, devoured by the savages, with the exception of a brave Gallician, who maintained so much

sang-froid in the midst of peril, and displayed so much dexterity among the Indians, as to save his life and earn for himself the privileges of a chief. Arriving in the presence of the Tupinambas, who received him clamorously and with menacing gestures, Alvares Correa, seizing a stray arquebuse which the waves had cast up among other remains of the wreck, loaded it, aimed at a bird, which he killed, and the report of fire-arms resounded for the first time on these shores. Henceforward the young European bore the name of a dreaded animal; he was called Caramourou; in memory of the mysterious power of which he had just given proof. The tribe of Indians, struck with terror, surrendered to him; the daughter of a chief, the beautiful Paraguassou, voluntarily united her fate to his: he ruled where he thought to have perished. Tired of a life among the Indians, but faithful to his young companion, Correa left Brazil accompanied by her, and embarked in a Norman ship commanded by Captain Duplessis. But here the legend, decking itself in the most brilliant colours, and warming with the most varied incident, belies all chronology. Welcomed on the banks of the Seine by Catherine de Medici, who had been recently united to Henry II., Paraguassou, so the story runs, received baptism in an old chapel at Paris, and took the name of the young queen who acted as her godmother. Sated with the marvels of Europe, she soon left France with Alvares Correa to return to her country, where she established herself in her native village, bringing with her the fruitful germs of Christianity, and subsequently the conquerors owed to her the legal surrender of the magnificent territory upon which the city now stands.

This legend, which is in the mouth of every Brazilian, and which has even given rise to a national poem, receives no support from chronology; and the Brazilians, who now really make deep researches as to their origin, take good care to defend it, and content themselves with their own explanations. They divide the marvellous events into two parts, and attribute them to two Europeans cast on their shores about the same time; it is thus that they elicit the truth of the story.

They assert that Alvares Correa, united to Paraguassou, was the primitive founder of the city, but do not allow that he went to France; he received the first *donotario*, *Pereiro Coutinho*, and even shared his misfortunes; but later, in 1549, when the noble Thomé de Souza was on the eve of laying the foundations of a regular town in the midst of these warlike tribes, he became the most active agent of colonisation; he acted as *lingua*, that is to say, interpreter, charged with direct-

ing the difficult negotiations which must precede the erection of a capital in a wild region, the inhabitants of which are little known. With Thomé de Souza came men acquainted with the difficult art of subduing this proud people and of commanding obedience. Navarro, Anchieta, Nobrega, and others, descended the rivers of the south, in order to render their assistance to the new governor; and when, in 1557, Caramourou died in the midst of his children like a patriarch full of days, the towers of the cathedral were already rising on the verdant hill, where the vast college of the Jesuits was in course of construction.

This brief account, although very insufficient, at least serves to show to what epoch the most important edifices of this capital belong, buildings whose erection was actively continued under Duarte da Costa and Mendo de Sa, the illustrious governor, whose death occurred in the year 1577.

diluvial rains, which cause a return of the landslips. On this occasion, he gave the opinion of an experienced French engineer, Colonel de la Beaumelle, who had remarked, while staying at Bahia, the defective system of construction, and proposed to remedy it by the erection of vast buttresses, calculated to sustain the unstable ground. The wise administrator wished to adopt this system, and to undertake these gigantic works without delay. If they be not already commenced, sooner or later it will be necessary, in order to avoid the ruin of the low town, to have recourse to these Cyclopean ramparts, revived from ancient times.

We do not here pretend to name all the edifices hidden by the pleasant hills represented at the entrance of the port; otherwise we should have to describe the old cathedral (La Sé), constructed in the year 1552; the Jesuit College, built entirely of marble, by the side of which is the valuable library, founded, thanks



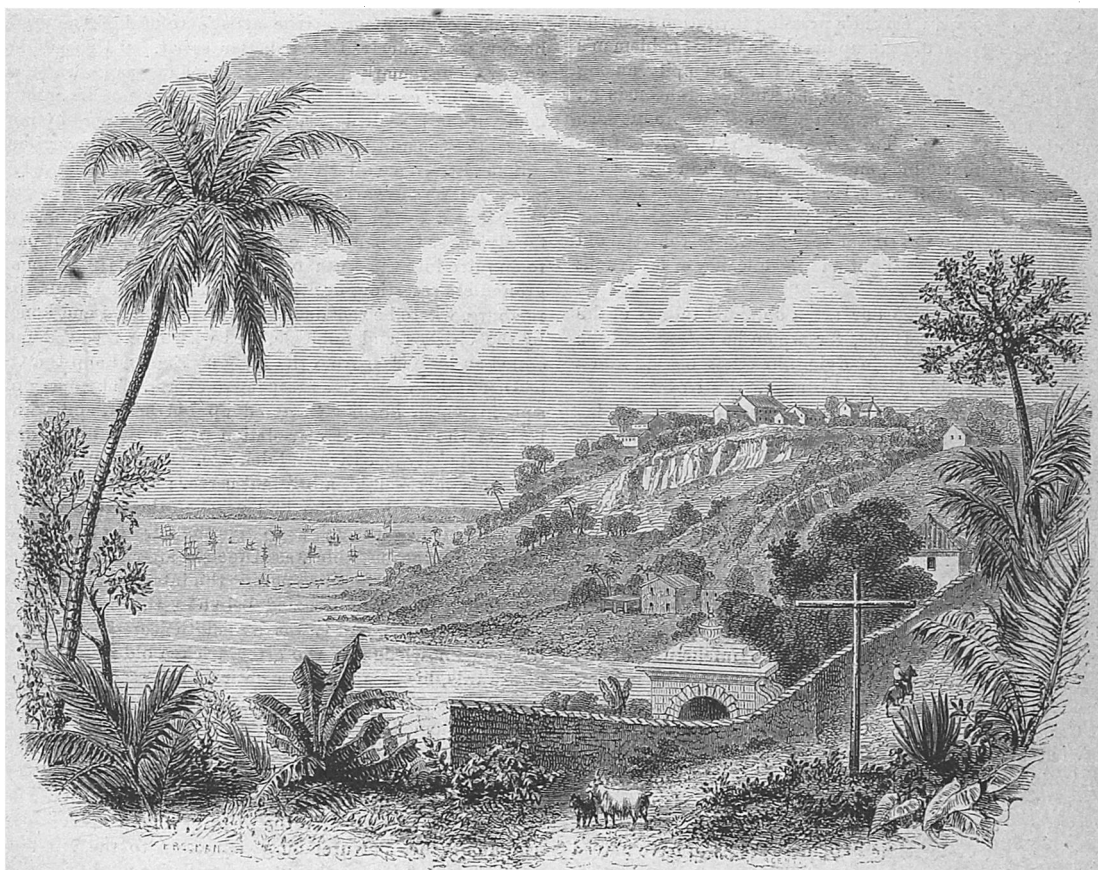
THE CHAPEL OF SAN GONCALO AT BAHIA.

The genius which planned so many edifices was more active than provident. The requirements of commerce increasing, houses and immense magazines, called *trapiches*, multiplied, forming the vast street of La Praya, which borders on the sea, and which is continually menaced by the fall of the enormous buildings of the high town. The disastrous events of the years 1671 and 1748, when more than sixty persons perished, crushed by the landslip, seemed to be entirely forgotten, when catastrophes quite as lamentable at last awoke the solicitude of the authorities. About eight years ago, one of the most active and provident men who have presided over the destinies of this great city, Don Soares d'Andrea, rightly informed the legislative provincial assembly, that all the precautions required by prudence having been neglected, there remained only two courses to be taken: either to abandon completely this part of the town, or to avert as soon as possible the peril by which it was threatened, especially at the season of the

to the suggestion of Don Gomez Ferrão, from the proceeds of a lottery, in 1811; the palace of the former governors, now occupied by the president of the province; the Mint, which traces its origin back to the year 1694; the play-house, only erected in 1806; and the public promenade, planted, in 1808, by the orders of the Count dos Arcos, to whom the town is indebted for many other useful institutions. From the *Passeio Publico*, where rises the obelisk in commemoration of the arrival of John VI., we direct our steps towards the charming lake known by the name of *Dique*, which, at only a short distance from the town, recalls all the delights of those virgin woods now only to be met with in the interior. Descending towards the low town, which also has its monuments, we may mention the Church of the Conception, which was built, so to speak, at Lisbon; for all the stones, cut and numbered, were brought thence, about the year 1623, to the spot where they were put together. We must not fail to notice the Ex-

charge, a vast building, finished in 1816; the magnificent mosaic floor of which displays the richest collection of indigenous woods known in South America. Among the innumerable religious edifices we must, at least, mention the great Convent of San Francisco, founded in 1594; then San Bento, erected thirteen years previously; Los Carmos; San Pedro; the monasteries, Das Mercês, Do Desterro, Da Soledad, the residence of the Ursuline nuns. We remark upon the little church of Da Graça, from the fact that it contains the tomb of Paraguassou, and notice the Nossa Senhora da Victoria because the date of 1552 shows it to be the most ancient of these religious structures. Among the many edifices belonging to different ages and various institutions, we must do honour to the attention to preservation paid by the last magistrates charged with the municipal administration. Nevertheless, it is a sketch of a ruined chapel which we offer to our readers (p. 324) as a speci-

men of the architecture of the eighteenth century, an age in which so many churches were erected in Brazil. On the road leading to the delightful district called Bom-Fim may still be seen the chapel of San Gonçalo. Scarcely a century has passed since the last stones were set in its façade; agaves, palms, bananas, and even cocoa-trees, now grow in disorder around it, and completely block up its entrance. Thousands of other plants spring luxuriantly from the fissures in its walls and hasten its destruction. No pains have, however, been taken to retard its decay, which might have been easily avoided; for this chapel, constructed in 1763 by the Jesuits, in a beautiful situation, had only been completed six years before the destruction of the powerful order to which it belonged. Its decay soon commenced, and at the beginning of this century Lendley described its picturesque ruin as one of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Bahia.



THE HARBOUR OF BAHIA.

A ROMANCE OF ARTIST LIFE.

From Smith's "Lights and Shadows of Artist Life."

JEAN KUPETZKI was the son of poor parents, living at Porsine, on the borders of Hungary, and earning their livelihood by weaving. Jean was brought up to his father's business, to which he had an invincible dislike, and accordingly ran away from home at fifteen. Begging his way from door to door, chance conducted him to the mansion of the Count de Czobor, with whom a painter of Lucerne, named Claus, was at that time staying. The little vagrant observed the works of this artist with the deepest attention, and, impelled by a desire to produce something similar, he traced with a piece of charcoal on the wall some ornamental designs with so much spirit and precision, that the painter and his patron were equally surprised. Nor was their astonishment lessened

when, in a reply to a question from the count, young Kupetzki assured the noble querist that he had never received a single lesson in drawing from a master, and that he was indebted to an internal impulse alone for the skill which he had displayed. The count generously resolved to befriend the boy, and placed him under the tuition of Claus, defraying beforehand, from his own purse, the charges for his *protege's* maintenance and instruction.

Kupetzki returned to Vienna with his new master, and continued to study under him for three years, after which, believing that the time had arrived when he should imp his own wings for flight, he set out for Venice. But neither in the Queen of the Adriatic nor in Rome could the unfriended painter obtain any employment for his pencil; and, once more reduced to solicit alms, he entered a public-house for that purpose, where his deplorable condition attracted the notice of a Swiss painter, who procured for the wandering mendicant an